

Red River, and proceeded to the place where the Kiowas were encamped when I went back to the Agency. Arriving late at night a fire was made, though for what purpose I know not - unless it might be to keep the wild beasts away, as our rations had been disposed of (except a scant allowance which was consumed on the way) at the Apache camp in the morning. Our ponies and mules were staked out with as little prospect for supper as we had there being no grass in close enough proximity to give them the benefit of it. Some time after, while preparing our beds for the night, we were surprised by the sudden appearance of a Comanche Man and Woman, with a mule laden with the flesh of a buffalo.

They explained the circumstances of their arrival, by stating that having killed and dressing<sup>ed</sup> a buffalo it became too dark to travel, and having no way of making a fire they had arranged to remain where they were, when the light of our campfire caught their attention, so near that they determined to come to us. Of course, as they were plentifully supplied with good buffalo beef they were hailed with a hearty welcome, and we were repaid for our hospitality by the distribution of a liberal allowance of choice pieces for each member of our party. After the cravings of appetite had been allayed, we were all soon stretched upon the ground for a nights repose.

15th.- After re-crossing the North Fork of the Red River, crossing the Sweet Water, and riding very fast until about 3. o'clock. P.M. over beautiful undulating prairie we arrived at the Kiowa camp. The distance from the Agency, judging from the speed we traveled (25 hours actual travel, and mostly on the gallop) ~~are~~ leaving the Apache camp) must exceed 150 miles in a North-  
westerly direction. The whole Kiowa tribe, nearly all the